THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Beyond the Strike

An Editorial

October 26, 1959, 25 cents

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Where Society Steps In

★ The unresolved steel dispute insures a period of soul-searching over social controls. Steel management and labor have sometimes seemed to have a cozy arrangement to boost wages and prices and leave the public holding the bag. Last April David McDonald, Steelworkers union leader, came forward with standard wage demands.

As such things go, McDonald's demands seemed not unreasonable. He found management belligerent. The McClellan hearings had undercut labor's prestige, business was entrenched in the White House, and the inflation issue was a perfect device for seeking to restore management dominance.

How could the companies lose? If a strike came, workers would exhaust their credit and management its comfortable reserve of steel at about the same time, President Eisenhower could be expected to restore production ultimately by intervening with an injunction as provided by the Taft-Hartley law.

The trouble was the strike lasted too long. It was fine to have a hands-off President, but he did not get the word 'til the longest steel strike in history threatened the whole economy.

If society can intervene to force men to work against their wills, it can also intervene to fix prices and also to regulate corporation profits.

The first-rate inquiry board headed by Taylor told the President that it could not find the two belligerents, after a strike had gone on for more than three months, in agreement on "any single issue of any consequence whatsoever."

Here is a problem of social control. We have been taught to avoid federal intervention – whether for better TV programs or industrial disputes. But the pressures of modern civilization cannot be removed. If industry cannot run its own shop, Society must.

The EAM System

★ Once upon a time the Republic of Amnesia made a great discovery: it could save money by letting private industry run its schools. Competitive corporations, or networks, took over the educational institutions and taught by the EAM system (Easy Amusement Method) mostly to music. The chain-run free enterprise schools taught the children to use the right laxatives, lipsticks and the right cigarettes, and of course their political views were alike as two peas. Brighter students found the system a bit dull, but most children felt their parents knew best. If anybody ever flunked, standards were immediately lowered all around to make it more democratic.

A rather awkward thing happened, however, when the giant EAM introduced bingo. Most people didn't object to bingo in schools as such. After all, it taught them arithmetic, and was loads of fun! Then, too, some allowance had to be made for the corporations that were supplying education absolutely free. But bingo was only the start. The EAM brought in faro and roulette and the stakes got higher and higher. Of course it was wonderfully stimulating, parents discovered, to have their children's humdrum outlook enlarged by seeing tens of thousands of dollars handed out for a get-rich-quick response, as contrasted to millions of humble people who had to grub for a living. It taught the children a new concept of Amnesia and it made the little dears aware, too, at an early age, of the importance of reaching for a fast buck.

But then came a shocking discovery. Some of the EAM roulette tables were rigged. . . . Yes, sir, rigged. If you had thought the great United States of Amnesia couldn't be roused you should have seen what followed! Ministers slammed their pulpits; editors batted their typewriters. And one or two high public officials solemnly declared that if private business didn't inspect school roulette tables the government would.

There is always a radical fringe in any country. In Amnesia this lunatic minority seized the occasion to demand why private corporations were running the schools, anyway? Others quickly answered them: "Remember," they cried, "it is absolutely free." And somebody in every group always burbled, "I think the schools are wonderfully educational."

Everything in Amnesia always has a happy ending. Leaders of big business came forward manfully and acknowledged they had made a mistake. One business group said they would take roulette out of the schools altogether and just use bingo. Another group said it would not be as Quixotic as this, but it would guarantee that school roulette would be honest from then on. Both sides agreed that the schools should be restored to their original, legitimate objective: selling toothpaste, cigarettes and laxatives. It was a happy ending! Popular indignation was again vindicated.

The All-But Stage

★ We've reached the all-but stage in Presidential politics. Every politician knows that Rockefeller's decision to make a swing into California is all-but tantamount to throwing his hat in the ring. Sam Rayburn has now officially launched the all-but candidacy of Lyndon Johnson in Texas. Note that of the three Democrats, Humphrey, Symington and Kennedy, who severally talked before the United Auto Workers at Atlantic City last week it was Humphrey who wowed them. He got a 12-minute ovation. The Symington and Kennedy receptions were friendly but pallid.

Passamaquoddy, Revisited

★ If you are old enough to remember the FDR New Deal days, you will recall the GOP howls of laughter at the Passamaquoddy project of the mid-30's to harness Bay of Fundy 50-foot tidal waters to help meet New England's acute power shortage. A gigantic "boondoggle" the revered Sen. Arthur Vandenberg (R, Mich.) called it. Ho-hum. Now an international board of engineers says it is feasible and economically justifiable. It will cost a lot more today, of course, than when it might have made jobs in the great depression – half a billion dollars. It will also be opposed by New England's private power combine which enjoys the highest rates anywhere in the US.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion Volume 141 Number 17 Issue 2345 October 26, 1959*
Published weekly (except for omissions of four summer issues) and distributed by The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington 6, D.C. Phone: REpublic 7-8656. Entered as second-class matter September 26, 1950, at the post office at Washington, D.C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Single copy 25c. Yearly subscription, $8.00; Foreign, $9.00, Armed Forces personnel or students, $5.00. Advertising rates upon request. Subscribers desiring change of address should notify us at least three weeks in advance. Include old and new address.* *Copyright © 1959, by Harrison-Blaine, Inc.*

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The President's naïveté in assuming for so long that all the federal government should and could do, or needed to do, was to exhort and then help ascertain "the facts" about the steel strike has been thoroughly discredited. And so has the Taft-Hartley Act as a device for assuring equity or peace when labor and management are at loggerheads in this kind of fight. But the lessons that have been learned from this strike are thus far largely negative. We are discovering what does not work, rather than what might work. There lingers a totally outdated notion that "free" collective bargaining is the only democratic way of settling disputes, whatever their magnitude and whatever the consequences to the nation. It is a good theory when it works, and even when it does not work in the case of small strikes in minor industries, the price paid for failure is not exorbitant. But when the theory is rigidly applied to an industry like steel, which turns out a basic component of most manufactured products and which supplies US manufacturers with 40 percent of their raw materials, then respect for the sanctity of private bargaining becomes idolatry of the most dangerous sort. A man from Mars would find it hard to comprehend why a great industrial nation would voluntarily deprive itself of an essential commodity for more than a quarter of a year.

From the beginning, both sides made it clear they were prepared to sit tight until hell freezes over. Meanwhile, the Great Lakes are about to freeze over. Under normal circumstances, the steel mills stockpile about 50 million tons of ore to see them through the cold weather when ore shipments cannot get through the Great Lakes. Now it is uncertain whether there will be enough supplies on hand when traffic stops around the first of December. This means that the effects of the present strike will be felt long into next year, regardless of when work is resumed on a regular basis.

Ultimately, of course, a compromise will be reached. But it will not settle, it will not begin to settle, some basic controversies that haunt our technological age – controversies which have been shunned like the plague by labor, management and the White House.

The President is not entirely at fault, though his response to the strike has been the familiar one of too little and too late. He delayed appointing a fact-finding committee. Did he procrastinate because his advisers were aware that the steel companies had built up vast stockpiles in case of trouble? Or are we to take at full, face value the Administration's homilies on the virtue of non-intervention by the

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government? After the strike had gone on for more than three months, Secretary of Labor Mitchell came forward with a proposal to grant the Federal Mediation Service legal authority to set up fact-finding boards. It was as near to saying nothing as could have been imagined. It is not simply more facts that are needed, though it would have helped if both sides in this strike had been less dilatory in saying exactly what they were after. What are needed are proposals for getting an agreement where two mighty bargaining forces come to an impasse. Throughout, the Administration (and unions and management) have left the public interest undefended, as if that interest could be entrusted to the care of the parties directly concerned.

Are we then led to the inevitability of some form of compulsory arbitration? The answer, it seems to us, is yes in those instances where the public safety is threatened. In 1957 Sen. Wayne Morse, who is hardly an enemy of organized labor, urged the Congress to pass legislation for dealing with emergency disputes. He warned that the Taft-Hartley Act would prove inadequate. He suggested that upon Presidential determination of a national emergency and a failure of negotiations, the government should be empowered not only to find the facts but to seize and operate struck plants for 60 days, or longer if Congress approves. Under his plan an emergency mediation board would make positive recommendations, a situation which is the opposite of the one faced by the chairman of the present fact-finding board, Mr. George Taylor, who had finally to give up with the simple statement: "It was not possible to get a meeting of minds."

This strike has injured everyone – the workers, the companies, the country. But if it were to lead to deeper reflection about the role of collective bargaining and procedures for protecting the general welfare it will have served a useful purpose. And the starting point for such a re-examination is an understanding of the unique problems presented by industries in which there is a high concentration of control. Wherever there is a situation approaching monopoly, inevitably bargaining takes on the aspect of total war, for in these industries (and steel is the best example), companies are capable of forming a united front. Labor too presents a united front. The public is in no man's land.

What, specifically, are some of the long-range problems that are unresolved? *Fortune* magazine believes that "the unions' next big mission may be to see that workers, including even those $5,000 a year workers, don't get 'pushed around' by the new technology. But unfortunately for American labor not enough of its leaders appear to have the capacity to cope with this situation." Why, one must ask, is the primary responsibility for coping with this situation labor's?

Suppose one says that the benefits of advanced technology ought to be passed along to consumers in the form of lower prices? How is that to be done? What are the standards for allocating benefits? Who determines who is to share, and in what proportions, in the advantages efficiency brings? In industries where automation permits great productivity with less manpower, is the work week to be cut? If so, how much? And what happens to the displaced workers? Can such matters be left entirely to collective bargaining? In some instances they can. For example, about six weeks ago, the Packing House Workers and the Armour Packing Company agreed to establish an automation fund based on the number of pounds of meat processed during a year. The royalty agreed to is estimated to bring in $500,000 over the two-year period of the contract. The fund will be used to set up programs developed by a joint committee of the company and the union. None of the funds will be used for unemployment benefits but will be spent for research, retraining and relocation. In a sense, the fund was the company's answer to the union's proposal for a shorter work week to take care of unemployment. The important thing, though, was the cooperative spirit.

Yet we have little experience thus far on how to establish criteria – sensible from the point of view of workers, owners and the public – for determining the relationships between productivity and profits, between prices and wages in major industries. The immediate points at issue between steel companies and the Steelworkers of America are relatively unimportant. But they raise other, far more complex questions that cannot be evaded much longer.

Airborne Education

The enemies of educational television are legion. Teachers fear that if machines prove capable of teaching, teachers will by inference become mere machinists. Intellectuals assume that the vices of commercial television are inherent in the medium of communication, so that any TV programs would *ipso facto* be a collection of bland clichés. Many parents, recalling their own suffering in school, insist that any class which is fun can have little educational value.

The proponents of classroom television are both less numerous and less vocal. Noting that state requirements permit the certification of many teachers who are neither personally nor academically competent, and further noting the steadily declining proportion of teachers who meet even minimal state requirements, a few educators have asked whether we might not call in outside assistance to maintain at least a semblance of intellectual activity in the classroom. Arguing that the traditional "personalized" pedagogy is largely mythical when teachers face classes of more than 25 or 30 stu-

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dents, these TV advocates point out that the average teacher already has classes of 30-35, and will almost surely have upwards of 40 by 1970. Under such circumstances, maintaining order is a problem, and maintaining academic standards is a mere phantasy.

In recent years the advocates of the mass media have persuaded the Ford Foundation to sponsor a series of experiments with educational TV which, while they have not greatly changed the schools, have conclusively demonstrated that students learn as much or more from watching television as they do from watching their teachers. Last week a group centered at Purdue University in Indiana unveiled a $7 million adventure which promises to do much for both overworked teachers and undereducated students. A carefully selected and highly paid cadre of teachers will prepare programs in English, History, Languages, Art, Music and Science. Each subject will be televised from DC-7 aircraft flying some 20,000 feet over the north central part of Indiana. The flying TV station will circle an area of 300-400 miles in diameter, broadcasting on its own ultra-high frequency channel and reaching more than 5 million Midwestern students in 13,000 schools over a 60,000-square-mile area. The video-taped courses will be transmitted to the circling planes from ground-based facilities at Purdue and retelecast to schools and colleges participating in the project.

Such a program could provide many youngsters with their first exposure to real education, by short-circuiting the bores, pedants and martinets who make learning hateful to so many children. Even first-rate schools with dedicated and enlightened teachers will be able to profit from the programs, which will both free the teacher for individual work with students, and help to bring the printed page to life by producing plays, recreating historical events and otherwise augmenting the teacher's labors.

Yet the fear that television will dehumanize the classroom is not without some foundation. Some teachers will certainly welcome the opportunity to "let Purdue do it" and become ushers at the daily classroom show. But textbooks present similar dangers, and they are generally felt to be useful inventions. Of course both television and textbooks are susceptible to the same pressure from vocal minorities and veto-groups that has virtually cleansed commercial television of substance. Yet experience has shown that teachers are even more thoroughly brainwashed than textbooks, and that the latter are on the whole more sophisticated and provocative than the men who use them. Any teacher who thinks he can do the job better than the TV instructor need only turn the machine off, as he now turns the textbook off by not assigning it.

Despite its potential value, the Purdue experiment will certainly provoke bitter words. Teachers will feel threatened, intellectuals will feel insulted, and parents will feel cheated. No doubt it was the same for Guttenberg, whose machine for mass producing the Bible was held responsible for undermining religious standards and loosing on the world a flood of nonsense which even Postmaster Summerfield has been unable to dam.

Symington's Strength

The latest Gallup poll reports that Senator Symington is second only to Senator Kennedy as first choice for the Presidential nomination among Democratic county chairmen. It raises some interesting questions about polls and about Senator Symington. Only "about half of the county chieftains" replied to the questionnaire, but this significant information appears only as an aside in the story. Moreover, the casual newspaper reader may not know that the practice of keeping a running score on the "popularity" of Presidential possibilities is not considered a serious form of polling by those who respect polling as a "science." They view it more as entertainment, planned as a supplement to the news of the week. Headlined fluctuations of one and two percent leave the experts unmoved, since they regard any shift of less than five percent as inconsequential.

Yet there is no doubt that Senator Symington is a favorite of many party professionals. Harry S. Truman is his loyal booster, and remnants of the old Truman machine are actively promoting his cause – such men as Ed Pauley, Jake Arvey, Frank McKinney and Jake More. What influence these men have on public opinion has yet to be tested.

The appeal of Mr. Symington is hard to define and appears to have little to do with his admirable voting record, which in the 85th Congress was identical on matters of importance to that of Senators Kennedy and Humphrey. One reads in such publications as *US News and World Report* for October 19 that the Senator from Missouri would command more votes on the first ballot than any other candidate except John Kennedy, but why this is so has yet to be explained. Indeed, there is an unreal quality about Symington as candidate. It is as if one were watching a performer on television with the sound shut off. The mouth opens and shuts, but there is no communication. Perhaps he is telling a joke, but we hear no laughter. He may be exhorting his audience to great deeds, but we hear no applause.

Symington's friends point to his success as a campaigner in Missouri and believe that the general public will wake up to his appeal as the public sees more of him. They may be right but since Symington, unlike Kennedy and Humphrey, has chosen to stay out of primary fights, it is not clear how this exposure to the national audience is going to take place.

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Wealth on the Shelf

This nation has an ample supply of conventional power through 1975, spokesmen of Resources for the Future, Inc., have told a Congressional subcommittee. Yet that's only 15 years away, and in those years an avaricious technology and a burgeoning population will make greater demands on oil, gas and coal and on the nation's dwindling reserves of minerals. Other sources will have to be found. And they may be found in the vast untapped storehouse of both fuels and minerals which lies in and under the oceans and particularly in the shallow seas lapping the continents that cover 10 million square miles, or one-fifth of the planet's dry-land surface.

These shelves have long fascinated geologists. They are products of the ceaseless war of the marginal seas with the land, and of water with rock and soil. Endlessly the rivers carry the substance of the continents into the sea, and the waves cut away at the coasts. Ecologist Lamont B. Cole estimates the continents' yearly loss to the seas at seven billion tons, some in such irreplaceable elements as phosphorous, potassium, magnesium.

The Gulf of Mexico is the scene of the world's major example, so far, of exploration and exploitation of the continental shelves. It has given rise to a bitter dispute, not yet settled, between the federal government and the states bordering the Gulf. Congress in 1953 sought to assign rights to the seabottom to states out to their "historic boundaries," which in most cases was conceded to be only three miles. However, Texas, Louisiana and other Gulf states asserted that their "historic boundaries," determined before they came into the Union, extend for three marine leagues, or 10.5 miles. The dispute is again before the Supreme Court.

Although a mere sliver of the Gulf is involved, only 7.5 miles wide at the most, the sum already tied up in escrow awaiting the outcome of the suit, largely in the form of bonuses paid by oil companies for leases, amounts to more than $100 million.

Much of the richer territory lies even farther out than 10.5 miles, and so is within the federal domain as already reserved by Congress. Federal receipts from it since 1953 are estimated at $600 million or more. Marion Clawson and Burnell Held, in their book *The Federal Lands*, say the Gulf receipts from the federal lands alone rocketed from $75 million in 1954 to nearly $400 million today. They estimate that by 1980 the federal government will be getting nearly $900 million annually, of which perhaps $500 million will come from oil and gas, largely pumped from offshore wells.

It is already proved that under our offshore seas are an estimated 12 billion barrels of oil or more, or one-third of all our proved dryland reserves of petroleum, besides 70 trillion cubic feet of gas, again about one-third of our reserves. Whereas only about 10 percent of "wild-cat" or exploratory wells on shore become producers, in the Gulf of Mexico so far the proportion is more nearly one-third.

But this is a giant's game. *Business Week* estimates that $2 billion has been poured into the Gulf exploration so far, only about $250 million taken out. Most discovery wells are capped over awaiting pipelines, or more propitious times for production. And a single exploration rig costs several million dollars.

The Gulf, of course, may be a unique bonanza, unmatched anywhere else. But there has been so little exploration, generally speaking, that we don't know. The deepest bottom pierced so far by drilling-rigs is at 140 feet. Shelves off the continental United States cover about 300,000 square miles, or one-tenth its dryland area. Alaska has about 600,000 square miles of adjoining shelf, so that our new frontier will bring with it as much area underwater as above it, and possibly of scarcely less wealth in mineral potential.

Little more than ineffectual scratching can now be done to tap the ocean wells and mines. Unless there is a tidal wave of public interest that would sweep oceanography beyond its present state, land-based man will still be dependent on ever-dwindling resources. Man knows less about the oceans than about the moon. The research needs for the next 10 years that could spell the difference between adequate and inadequate resources for future generations were outlined recently by the National Research Council Committee on Oceanography. Its report calls for doubling basic research activity, a two-fold increase in ocean-wide surveys, and the building of 70 new research vessels to replace those in existence, all of which are inadequate and most of which are old and outdated. To do this would cost approximately $650 million, a small investment when measured against the harvests that could be reaped.

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Whose United Nations?

The deadlock between Poland and Turkey for election to the United Nations Security Council is expected to last until the end of this session of the Assembly. Intensive lobbying by the US is whittling down the Polish majority, which at one point fell only six votes short of the needed two-thirds. But the Poles insist they have a rock bottom strength of between 30 and 35, enabling them to block the election of Turkey or any other Western-sponsored substitute candidate.

The controversy goes back to the 1946 "gentlemen's agreement" in London when the five permanent members of the Council agreed that the six non-permanent seats should be distributed geographically with two seats going to Latin America and one each to the Commonwealth, the Middle East, West and East Europe. As early as 1947, however, the US voted against the nominee of the Soviet bloc and the dispute became critical in 1949 when the Tito-Stalin break caused Moscow to renege on the Yugoslav candidacy.

When the East European seat again fell vacant in 1951, it took 19 ballots to elect Greece over Byelorussia, even though the Cold War was then at its iciest. Two years later, Turkey, which had already served on the Council as a representative of the Middle East, succeeded Greece as a representative of East Europe, defeating Poland after seven ballots.

With the influx of new UN members from Asia and Africa, the US sought in 1955 to transfer the East European Council position to the Far East. It backed the Philippines against Yugoslavia, producing a deadlock which, in the year of the Geneva spirit, was never broken, only by-passed by having each country serve one year. Then in 1957, the US thought it was out of the woods when Japan was elected to this seat on the first ballot. But when it came to finding a candidate to succeed Japan, the Asian countries demurred and it was only late last month that Turkey was persuaded to make the race. Poland, however, had announced its candidacy last May and by late September had many countries already pledged to its cause. Moreover, the warm winds blowing from Camp David seemed to have taken the chill off returning to the 1946 agreement.

Behind the State Department's campaign to defeat Poland lies its fear of being unable to command a majority in the Council. Neutralist Ceylon has just been elected to replace Canada. The United Arab Republic hopes to replace Tunisia next year. ("Wobblers," one US official has called them. "Wobblers" are even turning up among the Latin Americans!) Lack of a majority would mean an inability to carry through such exercises as the recent dispatch of a "fact-finding" subcommittee to Laos. It would also make more difficult the convoking of an emergency Assembly session in the event of a Soviet veto within the Security Council.

But neither these apprehensions nor Turkey's undisputed services to the UN are persuasive to the majority which favors Poland, a majority which includes, in addition to the Communist 10 and over 20 Afro-Asians, several members of the Commonwealth, the Nordic five and seven Latin American countries. The Commonwealth and Latin American votes reflect the prudent fear that if the agreement with regard to East Europe is abrogated, the Soviet bloc in league with the Afro-Asians might some day muster enough strength to take places away from Latin America and the Commonwealth. It reflects also a realistic appreciation of the fact that the UN was not designed to serve as a captive of either side in the Cold War, that it is impossible to discriminate permanently against East Europe, and that of all East European states Poland is the most acceptable.

Lodge the Diplomat

None of the petulance or school-boy sarcasm that UN delegates have come to expect from Henry Cabot Lodge's pronouncements marred his October 15 disarmament statement before the UN's Political Committee. His comments on inspection and control were expressed matter-of-factly. Referring to Khrushchev's bold proposal for total disarmament within four years, he said that "the sounder and clearer and more unambiguous the [Russian] plan for inspection and control, which we have not yet seen, the more attention the proposal will deserve. There cannot be 100 percent disarmament with only 10 percent inspection."

Mr. Lodge left the impression that the Administration is taking seriously the Geneva negotiations for a cessation of nuclear testing which reopen next week. Since the Presidential study group on disarmament headed by Charles Coolidge is not expected to report until early 1960, it had been feared that the US would be immobilized at Geneva. But Mr. Lodge spoke of a possible agreement on controls granted Soviet recognition of the *principle* that a "reasonable relation" exists between the number of permissible inspections and the number of unidentified seismographic disturbances. The principle is probably not the stumbling block: it is what follows. There is still no evidence that the Soviet Union is prepared to take into account at Geneva recent data on the incidence of unidentified explosions. The Russians seem to believe that the scientific evidence needs no further review. If they cannot be budged from that conviction, the narrow gap between East and West on ending nuclear testing may not be bridged.

But it is at least gratifying to find the US Ambassador to the UN speaking of these grave matters in the non-polemical, conciliatory language of diplomacy.

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MOSCOW

The Proletarian Pretender Has Finally Arrived

Mr. Khrushchev has "arrived," and not only from the United States and China. He has "arrived" in Russia.

To Westerners this may seem a commonplace statement: If his supremacy were not established he never would have been invited to Washington. But the Soviet people were not so easy to convince. It took that triumphant tour to nail down the undisputed pre-eminence of Khrushchev in his own land.

Why? First of all, Mr. Khrushchev is different from any leader the Russians have known. He is not Stalin, not the Tzar, not a remote "father image." He is suspect because he is common. Two years ago he was simply a shrewd party leader, cleverer than his opponents, a man who had outmaneuvered them with big promises of a new future. A Soviet student summed up the general feeling: "Ah, we did not know him then. We only heard him." Khrushchev has had to fight at home against Russian hostility toward "popular" leaders, and against the growing sophistication of an educated public tired of platitudes.

Now this "proletarian pretender" has accomplished what Stalin could not: He has gained equality with that greatest of all Soviet love-hate objects – "capitalist" America. He has made himself the symbol of national accomplishment. He – and the official press after him – has been studiously careful to identify his personal success with the success of the nation, so that no one can yet justifiably accuse him of building a dread "cult of personality." Yet he has successfully launched earth-shaking schemes – such as the cultivation of millions of acres of "virgin lands" in Kazakhstan, and the complete reorganization of industry. He has brought more prosperity than the country has ever known. The grandiose seven-year plan no less than the moon rockets are the hallmarks of his success.

Moreover, his every "socialist" achievement has strengthened the rule of a Communist Party whose lower ranks at least showed real signs of faltering after Stalin's excesses. Their morale had been shattered. Mr. Khrushchev has given them new confidence in their right to rule. He has allowed them new initiative. He has revived their faith in that obscure "victory of Communism." Why probe the depths of Stalin's crimes, why analyze basic faults, when everything has turned out so well? That is the accepted rationalization. It is also Khrushchev's special gift to Soviet Communism. But on the other hand, the Soviet leader has instigated new methods of rule which are taking firm root. One

"Howdy, Mao – Long Time No See!"

Soviet doctor put it dramatically: "With us, democracy is a feeling, not a system. We feel that freedom around us now. You who have not lived under tyranny, do not know what it was like to go to bed every night for 30 years without knowing whether you would be there in the morning. A knock on the door made our heart stop. Khrushchev has given us back our life. We can breathe again. I cannot tell you definitely I will not be arrested, but I no longer *feel* I will be."

This mixture of national pride and appreciation of the relaxation burst forth in the popular reception of Khrushchev upon his return from the United States.

The road to Vnukova Airport is a 25-mile asphalt ribbon stretching straight through the low-lying Moscow hills. The afternoon he arrived it became a race course for what looked like every official "Zim" (the Soviet limousine) in Moscow. The usual organized reception at the airport was over. Now everyone was hurrying to the mass meeting at the huge "Sports Palace" on Lenin Hills. The big-rumped automobiles vied with one another for position. There went an ex-Minister of Culture. The Minister of Higher Education came up on the inside. But he was eased out by a Deputy Minister for Foreign Affairs. The more reckless the chauffeur, the higher his passenger in the hierarchy. On they raced, but no one caught up with or passed the leader. Then suddenly the new box-like apartment houses loomed

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in the distance. These stretch for miles out of old Moscow – the particular contribution of the "Khrushchev era" to the chronic housing shortage of the capital. The racing cavalcade slowed to a halt, for the occupants had come out *en masse* and the road had become a narrow canyon lined by human walls. They waved from the balconies, threw flowers, engulfed the leading limousine. The factories had not been turned out, so few men were present. But wives, sons and daughters, granddaughters and grandfathers made up for their absence.

The subsequent "friendship" meeting in the "Sports Palace" was different from any ever seen in Moscow. Khrushchev was tired, but did not deny his audience the same humor he had turned on the Americans for two weeks. He was also serious, he was factual, he was frank. He was not polemical. No one went away doubting his real differences with his American hosts but no one was particularly pessimistic about them.

The reactions of Soviet television viewers are probably more representative than those of the privileged 17,000-odd people who crowded into the palace. By the time Mr. Khrushchev shouted "Long live American-Soviet friendship" and gripped the hand of the American chargé d'affaires (who looked quite at home in the place of honor alongside the Communist elite), the television audience was as enthralled as the standing, applauding audience physically present at the Palace.

The greatest immediate impact of Khrushchev's journey has been psychological. Relaxation of the past few years is confirmed. Relaxation for the future – at least until President Eisenhower arrives in the spring – seems assured. Suddenly it has become respectable to talk and read about the United States in near-reasonable terms. For weeks before the visit, the press and radio went to great lengths to prove how similar Americans and Russians are. Their common love of adventure, enthusiasm for sports, hospitality, mechanical genius and frontier experiences were trotted out in one form or another. The good feeling continues. More and more enterprising Soviet citizens are venturing into the once-forbidden world of foreign literature and personal contacts.

To quote my doctor friend once again: "Meeting foreigners is unusual, and anything unusual is potentially dangerous. After all, for years people disappeared simply because they had relatives in the West. Suspicion is in our blood. We are like unchained dogs – we feel we are free, but cannot get used to not having the chain around our neck."

These people are looking for ideas, not simply material wealth. They want the automobiles, washing machines and a thousand other amenities and they feel these are on the way, but they do not want the values of private enterprise which go with them. They feel they are building a new "socialist" culture, and are beginning to look around for new ideas to incorporate in it. But they will not be patronized. That is one lesson the American public should remember.

George Sherman

A REPORT ON THE FUTURE OF MAN

"Can You Hear Me?"

Fifteen hundred distinguished citizens gathered last month in the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York City to hear six distinguished thinkers exchange some thoughts on the future of man. All were the guests of Joseph E. Seagram and Sons, prominent whiskey merchants, who desired in this manner to dedicate their new, bronze, Park Avenue headquarters, down the street from the Waldorf.

Milton Eisenhower, symposium chairman, began with a brief talk on "peace with justice and the constructive use of our new found power," and then introduced the initial speaker, Robert Frost, who predicted that the conflict between the United States and the USSR would continue forever! "It's us or the Rus – there'll always be an issue between Us and Rus . . . the Lord will provide one." Mr. Frost then offered his personal assurance that the human race would last another 100 or 200 million years and "I do wish that young people would stop worrying about it." He also said, "I foresee no society where artificial insemination won't be in bad taste."

The next speaker, Julian Huxley, was less sanguine. He briskly ran down a list of problems, upon whose settlement the destiny of man depends, namely: the threat of atomic annihilation, the threat of overpopulation, the collapse of old religious ideas (and the rise of new secular ones, such as Marxism), and "the explosion of knowledge." Sir Julian added that "in the coming century man's first job will be to think collectively, in terms of continuing the species as a whole."

"If we are to ensure the future," Ashley Montague said, "the present is the time to work for it however discouraging the prospects may seem. . . . War must be outlawed," he declared, "however gradually. . . " The

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anthropologist and author also said that "the meaning of a word is the action it produces." (Query: What is the meaning of the word "green"?)

Herman J. Muller, the Nobel Prize winner, reminded us that we come from "slimy scum" and said that "only by mastering and continually remolding ourselves can we prove worthy of our exalted role of cosmic conquerors, and thereby achieve the increasing fitness that the ever mightier challenges of the future will demand of us." He warned that "men must realize before it is too late that germinal materiel of mankind is their most precious trust."

Dr. Muller sat down and the lights went out. A large movie screen was raised, and presently there was Bertrand Russell addressing us from his sitting room in London. "No one can foresee the future," he said. But he predicted that the world situation would either improve or get worse. "It's a matter of human choice," Lord Russell said, "whether we want disaster for everybody or good for the people we don't like." He added that the trouble is not a conflict between Communism and capitalism. "The trouble is nationalism."

The next part of the program was devoted to questions from an interviewing panel composed of syndicated columnist, Inez Robb; CBS commentator, Douglas Edwards, and *New York Times* Science Editor, William L. Laurence. Mrs. Robb asked the first question. Could Lord Russell answer the population problem?

"Yes," replied Lord Russell over the two-way radio. "It can be very easily settled. One can provide cheaply methods by which population would not increase at its present rate. This is already being done easily in Eastern Asia. It is only in the United States and parts of Europe that superstition gets in the way. It is not a difficult problem."

Sir Julian disagreed. "It's a *very* difficult problem." He mentioned a recent trip to India where he learned that if the population isn't decreased by 50 percent in the next 35 years India will never industrialize. "It's not true," he said, "that there's a simple and cheap method."

Lord Russell returned, "I agree it is not *quantitatively* easy. But if 100th part of the money spent on learning how to kill each other were spent on birth control, then we *would* arrive at an easy and cheap method."

Mrs. Robb asked Dr. Muller to elaborate further on the genetic improvement of man. Dr. Muller replied that "we must know our own values." He suggested that the most important portion of man is character and that genetics can improve character. "We can't just expect each other to love one another," he added.

Mr. Laurence asked him what he thought man would be like 10 million years from now.

"He will make progress," Dr. Muller asserted. "It's pessimistic to think not, since we were once apes."

Sir Julian thought the values to breed for were: intelligence, health, a firm, strong character, imagination and creativity.

Dr. Montague thought that intelligence shouldn't come first. He gave priority to "the development of the capacity of people to be warm, loving creatures."

Lord Russell broke in. "Can you hear me?" "Go ahead, Lord Russell," said the Chairman. But the system seemed to have broken down.

"What's wrong with our value system?" Mr. Edwards asked Dr. Montague.

"Our belief in success," was the prompt reply.

Lord Russell was on again. "Here's the thing I wanted to say. Can you hear me? I find a certain optimistic assumption in everything said. . . . A happy outcome is not a certainty."

Mrs. Robb asked Lord Russell how he proposed to curb nationalism.

"By the establishment of world government."

Mr. Frost remarked that "a civilized society is one which tolerates eccentricity to the point of doubtful sanity."

Lord Russell broke in to say that children ought to salute an international, not a national symbol.

"I hope *someone* disagrees," Dr. Eisenhower said.

No one did.

Mrs. Robb asked, "Will man need love in the future?"

Mr. Frost replied: "Shakespeare said the best children are love children. That's simple enough for ya."

"What is the key to the future of man?" Mr. Edwards wanted to know.

"The discovery that man's nature is capable of investigation," Dr. Montague told him. "Man, you know, has no instincts."

"What is mental health?" Mr. Edwards pursued.

"Mental health is the ability to love and to work. The people who teach us most about love are babies. Adults are nothing more than degenerate babies."

"May I speak for a moment?" cried Lord Russell. "The discussion has brought in *big words*. But the problem before us is really simple: Would we rather that the human race exist, even though this involved bringing happiness to people we don't like, or do we want extermination for everybody?"

"It's *criminal* to break up this meeting," said Dr. Eisenhower. But before doing so he felt, he said, he ought to put in a good word for nationalism. "I don't think it's evil," he said. "It's a great thing. Why give it up?"

Lord Russell agreed that *cultural nationalism* was a great thing. What he opposed was the view that "your nation is so much better, that it can kill the members of other nations."

"I *like* all this uncertainty," said Mr. Frost.

"Can you hear me?" cried Lord Russell.

JANET MALCOLM

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That Clinging Aroma

Even *The New Republic*, to say nothing of less sapient public prints, ignored one superficial but comforting and inspiriting aspect of the investigation of television quiz programs. It is the possibility that the incident may throw the fear, if not of God, then of the Devil, into sponsors. This is comforting and inspiriting because it permits the hope that control of TV may at last be attained by men who know how to run it.

The business world has long known that if your advertising emits a fetor so powerful that it would make a billy-goat swoon, some of the stench will inevitably cling to your product; and stinking products mean smaller sales and reduced profits. Hence Better Business Bureaus, codes of ethics adopted by advertising clubs, and innumerable other deodorants.

When the vast advertising possibilities of television first dazzled the eyes of industrial tycoons, sponsorship presented itself as another deodorant. It was presumed that entertainment and edification would be regarded as public service and the product in whose name they were presented would be attainted not of the reek of putrefaction, but the odor of sanctity.

This reasoning was based, however, on an uncertain postulate, to wit, that the sponsored program would diffuse, if not a heavenly fragrance, at least the reassuring redolence of a good antiseptic. But to devise, or even to select a program that will not be a stinker calls for a special aptitude not necessarily – in fact, rarely – possessed by a manufacturer of automobiles, or soap, or golf-balls. This special aptitude is the shield and buckler of show business, not of industry or commerce. The sponsor who assumes to select his own show is operating in a field in which he has no particular competence; and a man who tries to do business in a field with which he is not acquainted is a prize sucker.

Intrusting the job to Madison Avenue is no better, for advertising and show business are different fields. Yet a tycoon who, wisely, will sign not the smallest contract without the advice of his lawyer and who would regard it as insanity to employ the same lawyer to extract a tooth, blithely assumes that he and his advertising man are competent to do a job at which only the ablest showmen are consistently successful.

This is clearly understood as regards newspaper advertising. The best position for your ad is next to the news story that most of your potential customers are sure to read. That is why banks pay well for space on the financial page, and makers of tennis rackets for space on the sports page. But all the world knows that the editor selects the story and the advertiser has no responsibility for it. Time on TV next to a highly popular program is worth big money, but it is worth bigger money if the advertiser has no responsibility for the program; and he is saddled with some responsibility if he sponsors it.

As the viewing public knows all too well, a TV show can stink without being tainted with fraud, and many stinkers get high ratings. Time next to such programs is ideal for the corporation whose product is designed for the moron market, but it is of less value to the one that appeals to the carriage trade; and when a business presumed to be high-class sponsors a turkey, its prestige is diminished rather than increased. Yet the ability infallibly to spot a turkey before production is one of show business' highest and rarest gifts.

Such television workers – directors and producers – as have come under my observation have impressed me as at least 300 percent more intelligent than their shows would indicate. One reason for the discrepancy unquestionably is the sponsor infatuated with his own ability in the entertainment field – or, quite as bad, with the ability of his advertising agent. Their blundering, incompetent interference results in bad shows, and sponsoring bad shows is bad advertising.

If the emetic fumes arising from the quiz programs do even a little to drive that point home, their long-range effect may be highly salubrious for a form of entertainment now suffering malaises that threaten not itself only, but the psychological stability of the nation. I do not contend that television men are unanimously endowed with genius; but I do believe that they are possessed with far more professional competence than they are allowed to display.

Television run by its own professionals would still require close scrutiny and searching criticism to be kept up to a reasonable level of excellence; but it would be a great deal better than it is now. Under the unimpeded guidance of men who have studied its potentialities assiduously, it might even approximate the cultural influence predicted by its early enthusiasts.

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THE FACTS ABOUT NIXON – V

He had defeated Helen Gahagan Douglas in 1950 by a plurality of 680,947 votes in a campaign that portrayed her as "the darling of the Hollywood parlor pinks and Reds." Now, as Junior Senator from California, Nixon promptly interested himself in the Presidential election that was 18 months away. Though technically, and perhaps morally, committed to the candidacy of Governor Earl Warren as California's favorite son, he was an Eisenhower booster from the beginning.

The Vice Presidential Nomination

by William Costello

Nixon had been in the Senate barely four months when the fortunes of politics gave him a providential leg up. The *Congressional Record* for May 14, 1951, reveals that on that day the Junior Senator from California was excused from attendance at Senate sessions for one week to enable him to serve as a member of the United States delegation to the World Health Organization's meetings in Geneva.

Nixon answered roll-call again on May 21 and there would have been no hint that his trip to Europe had been anything but official had he not himself revealed otherwise on the floor of the Senate June 5. The upper house was debating the need for a Central Arizona irrigation project, and in the course of a very brief expression of opposition, Nixon alluded to an otherwise unsuspected aspect of his trip to Europe.

"I had a very interesting experience two weeks ago," he said, "when I sat in the office of General Eisenhower in Paris. I was impressed, let me say parenthetically, with the excellent job he is doing against monumental odds, in the position he holds. He pointed out to me that one of the greatest tasks which he has at the present time is to convince our allies abroad of the necessity of putting first things first. . . ." Nixon recalled in an interview published in a newsmagazine August 20, 1952, that that was the first time he had ever met Eisenhower. "I stopped in Paris and talked with him for an hour. His main interest was in the Hiss case and subversive activities in general."

It is not irrelevant that May, 1951, marked the beginning of the great Republican pilgrimage by which the General was persuaded to declare himself. Later that month, to attest the Senator's growing stature in party circles and his presumptive alliance with Harold Stassen, Nixon was one of 45 men invited to a New Jersey private estate for a strategy conference. For Nixon this meeting had one significant aftermath. Some months later in a desperate search for votes, Stassen offered to trade him the Vice Presidential nomination in return for the support of the California delegation. It was an empty gesture but a straw in the wind. Only a few days after the New Jersey gathering Nixon took to the hustings, and his keynote address June 28, 1951, for the Young Republican National Federation convention at Boston (telephoned over a bad public address system) became in a very real sense the keynote of his own campaign to make friends and influence delegates. To begin with, Nixon recognized that nationally, as well as in California, the Republican Party was not in a position to win by itself. "I say we Republicans have been talking to please ourselves for the past 20 years and we have found out that there aren't enough of us to win."

In a mood reminiscent of Chotinerism, he prescribed tactics: ". . . Let's see that the Republican Party in 1952 puts on the kind of a fighting, rocking, socking campaign that will bring home to the people the merits of our candidate and our program."

He laid out a program: ". . . cut all non-defense expenditures right down to the bone. . . . Attack inflation at its source . . . in the final analysis a balanced budget and high production are the only effective answers to inflation. . . . We shall not allow this emergency to be used to socialize any basic American institution."

On the subject of internal security he reviewed the Hiss case and its implications: "The tragedy is that our top Administration officials have refused time and time again to recognize the existence of the fifth column in this country and to take action to clean subversives out of the administrative branch of the government."

And, using the same arithmetic that had proved successful in arousing California audiences in 1950, he indicted the Truman Administration's foreign policy: "Six years ago the United States was the most powerful nation on the face of the globe. We had the strongest Army the strongest Navy, and the strongest Air Force in the world. We had a monopoly on the atomic bomb. As far as people in the world were concerned, there were approximately 1.76 billion on our side and only

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180 million on the Communist side." He went on to say: "Six years have passed – six years of conferences, of little wars like the one in Korea, of lack of leadership in Washington. And what is the situation today? Today we are no longer stronger on the ground; we are stronger in strategic air but weaker in tactical air. We're stronger on the sea but weaker beneath the sea. We no longer have a monopoly on the atomic bomb, though we believe that we have more than has our potential enemy. And when we analyze the breakdown in peoples in the world, what do we find? . . . We have lost 600 million people to the Communists in six years – 100 million a year."

The essence of Nixon's case, aside from Communism and corruption, was contained however in a passage near the beginning of the speech in which he posed this rhetorical question: "How can we win in 1952? That is the $64 billion question. I say the $64 billion question because that's the annual cost of keeping the present Administration in Washington."

Perhaps it is never wholly fair to confront a politician with the cold hindsight of statistics, but Nixon's choice of the $64 billion idiom shows up as something less than prophetic. Here are the figures for Truman's last six fiscal years in the White House, as tabulated by the Bureau of the Budget and published by the US Government Printing Office:

	Expenditures	*Surplus or deficit*	
1947	$ 39,032,000,000	$ 754,000,000	surplus
1948	33,069,000,000	8,419,000,000	surplus
1949	39,507,000,000	1,811,000,000	deficit
1950	39,617,000,000	3,122,000,000	deficit
1951	44,058,000,000	3,510,000,000	surplus
1952	65,408,000,000	4,017,000,000	deficit
Total	$260,691,000,000	$3,733,000,000	surplus

It thus appears that, at the time Nixon spoke in June, 1951, the federal government was spending $44 billion, not $64 billion, and it was not until the next fiscal year, when the heaviest burdens of the Korean War were being paid that the Truman Administration's budget reached $65 billion. A comparison with the first six fiscal years of the Eisenhower Administration (excluding 1953, since that budget was shaped by both) shows the following:

	Expenditures	*Surplus or Deficit*	
1954	$ 67,772,000,000	$ 3,117,000,000	deficit
1955	64,570,000,000	4,180,000,000	deficit
1956	66,540,000,000	1,626,000,000	surplus
1957	69,433,000,000	1,596,000,000	surplus
1958	71,936,000,000	2,819,000,000	deficit
1959	80,871,000,000	12,871,000,000	deficit
Total	$421,122,000,000	$19,765,000,000	deficit

So much for Nixon's prescience.

Nixon's midsummer speech in Boston was not only a keynoter for the young Republicans but a formula he carried the length and breadth of the country that year. In Philadelphia on February 26, 1952, at the 43rd annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers Association he was still blaming the Truman Administration for the loss of 100 million people a year. "It is immaterial whether these losses have been sustained because of the questionable loyalty of some of those who made our policy or because of their stupidity or honest mistakes of judgment."

If Nixon's crystal ball was cloudy on the subject of the budget, it was no less so in his diagnosis of the Korean War strategy. Throughout the period leading up to the 1952 convention, he hammered hard at the Democrats on the Korean issue. He told a convention in Chicago the Administration's Far Eastern policy had resulted in the loss of China, and, for lack of a policy to end the Korean War, it threatened World War III. In conformity with GOP tactics that year, the Senator strongly endorsed General MacArthur's program, although nothing had occurred in the months since MacArthur's dismissal to support his analysis.

"The only political settlement possible would amount to appeasement, because the price of settlement which the Communists insist upon is a seat in the United Nations and control of Formosa – laying the foundation for eventual Communist domination of all Asia and in the end an inevitable world war. . . . Eventually we'll have to adopt some of MacArthur's recommendations." This was the line of attack that audiences enjoyed.

In the income tax returns which he published after becoming Vice President, 1951 revealed itself as the year in which his outside earnings reached their peak. He received $6,611.45 in fees for speeches, some delivered on a lecture tour and 16 booked independently. Widespread popular frustation found expression and was embodied in his drumfire assault on the party in power. Alger Hiss had finally entered prison in March, and audiences identified Nixon as the nemesis who had put him there. McCarthyism had given impetus to Nixon's charge that the Administration had been lax in cleaning Communists out of government. The Korean War had brought American arms face to face with Communist arms, and a profound mood of war weariness together with a fear that the limited struggle might erupt on a global scale made the public all the more ready to listen to charges that foreign policy errors were responsible. The voters were ripe for change.

At that time a cloud no bigger than a politician's hand cast a fleeting shadow. In a Congressional investigation of influence-peddling, Nixon's name came up March 20, 1952, in testimony before a House Ways and Means Subcommittee. The witness was Sen. Owen Brewster of Maine who had been chairman of the Re-

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publican Senatorial Campaign Committee in 1950. He revealed that Nixon of California and Young of North Dakota had "besieged" him for help that year in their respective primaries. The rules of the Senate committee, however, flatly prohibited such assistance.

Brewster testified that, since it was customary for the committee to provide $5,000 to each Republican Senatorial candidate in the *general* election and since Nixon and Young assured him that their principal battle would be in the *primary*, he devised a strategem to assist them. In May, 1950, Brewster and his wife borrowed $10,000 from a Washington bank; they turned it over to a noted political "fixer," Henry "the Dutchman" Grunewald; Grunewald in turn sent checks for $5,000 each to the campaign managers for Nixon and Young. Later that summer when the Senate committee forwarded its usual contribution to the two candidates, ostensibly for the fall campaign, their managers repaid Grunewald, who repaid Brewster, who in turn paid off his note at the bank.

In this remarkable transaction no law was violated, but Brewster testified that he used Grunewald as a "conduit" because he wanted a man "who had a capacity to keep his mouth shut." He admitted frankly that the effect of his action was to circumvent the rules of the committee over which he presided. Nothing came of these revelations except Brewster's subsequent defeat at the polls, but Nixon's critics argued that he had participated in the deception with his eyes open.

The California Delegation

Toward the end of winter Nixon had been approached by Rep. Thomas Werdel of Bakersfield and other leaders of an anti-Warren cabal who considered California's Governor "too liberal." With a half-million-dollar campaign fund, they proposed that Nixon place himself at the head of a rival ticket of convention delegates in the June primary. Nixon wisely recognized the folly of bucking, with such a phantom slate, the organization headed by Warren, Knowland and the *Los Angeles Times*, but he made a deal to join the Warren slate on condition that he select 23 of its 70 members.

Warren's Presidential hopes at this time lay in a possible deadlock between the Eisenhower and Taft supporters. It was essential to his plan that the big California delegation show no preference for either of the leading candidates; otherwise, word that it was ready to shift might tip the balance in advance. Nixon, however, felt that Warren's chances were remote. And it is one of the facts of California's political history that he did not consider himself indebted to Warren. In the 1946 campaign the Governor had refused to endorse Nixon and actually had written several friendly letters to Voorhis. Again in the 1950 Senate race Governor Warren had refused to help Nixon against Helen Gahagan Douglas except for an oblique and belated endorsement. In the horse-trading leading up to the convention Paul Hoffman, as one of Eisenhower's chief lieutenants, conferred twice with Nixon, once in the spring and again shortly before the convention when Nixon and Chotiner were together. Hoffman's objective was to win the votes of the California delegation on the second ballot if it appeared that Eisenhower needed only a few votes to win and that Warren's cause was hopeless. During this same period Brownell also had let it be known at a Gridiron Dinner that Vice Presidential lightning could strike Nixon in return for the latter's support within the California delegation.

At that time Hoffman also conferred with Senator Knowland, Warren's right-hand man, but wholly without success. It was known that Knowland had been offered second place on a Taft ticket if he would throw his support to the Ohio Senator on the second ballot. It was likewise known that Knowland disagreed with Governor Warren on some points and at some junctures. Nevertheless, despite the pressures on him, Knowland remained loyal to Warren.

Nixon, on the other hand, was careful to leave himself room for maneuver. In a San Francisco broadcast just before the June primary at which the California delegation was chosen, Nixon declared: "I have constantly stated that the Republican convention should select the very strongest possible nominee at Chicago. . . . It appears that Senator Taft and General Eisenhower will both go to Chicago with slightly over 500 delegates committed to them. It takes 604 to nominate. A much stronger candidate is Governor Warren. The California delegation with its 70 votes therefore holds the key to the situation. If the convention does not turn to Governor Warren, our delegation will be in a position to throw our vote to the candidate who will be selected."

To follow up this masterly piece of equivocation, Nixon conducted a private poll of California sentiment. On June 11 he mailed 23,000 letters to his 1950 precinct workers, asking them to name not their second choice but "the strongest candidate the Republicans could nominate for President." Whether the Eisenhower Citizens Committee paid, as charged, for printing and addressing this straw vote, evidence exists that Nixon did use his Senate franking privilege to cover mailing costs. Later when Murray Chotiner was questioned about Nixon's use of free government postage for political purposes, he refused to say the story was untrue, but insisted only that "the whole situation someone is trying to create is ridiculous."

When the Warren forces learned of the Nixon canvass, they interpreted it as a deliberate attempt to undercut the Governor's position. Even if Warren came out ahead, it would do nothing to strengthen his position as a favorite son; on the other hand, if he failed to win, it would be a crushing psychological blow. War-

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ren's fears were confirmed when news began to "leak" from Washington that Eisenhower was running far in front in the Nixon poll. At that stage, Bernard Brennan, a veteran Republican trouble-shooter who was a close political associate of Warren and who had headed up Nixon's 1950 campaign organization in Southern California, was rushed to Washington by plane; there he was able to persuade Nixon not to publish the results. It was a question, of course, whether the damage had not already been done.

Maneuvering for Ike

As a member of the resolutions committee, Nixon went to Chicago July 1, a week before the convention was to meet. What he saw convinced him there would be no Eisenhower-Taft deadlock, and therefore no hope for the Warren strategy.

What happened after that has been a subject of bitter controversy. The California delegation had left Sacramento July 3 on the long train ride halfway across the continent. The atmosphere was one of gayety, with the Governor's daughters dancing in the lounge car to the pounding of a piano, and with patriots in a lighthearted mood celebrating the Glorious Fourth with firecrackers and cap pistols.

At 9:30 on the evening of July 4, the mood changed. When the train paused at Denver, it took on another passenger, Richard Nixon, who had flown in from Chicago, full of convention gossip. In a matter of minutes, the train seethed with rumors that California's strategy must be changed or it would be "left at the post." The Eisenhower bandwagon could not be stopped, so the argument ran, and if California moved quickly so as not to waste its votes, it would be in a position to suggest as a *quid pro quo* the choice of Nixon as Vice President.

Ill feeling ran high; there was even talk of denying the state's Junior Senator a berth on the train. By the time the special reached Chicago, the delegation was split wide open. In the eyes of loyal Warrenites, Nixon's tactics constituted deliberate sabotage.

The cleavage showed clearly for the first time in the fight over the Langlie "fair play" resolution, a move to outflank the Taft forces by denying 68 Southern delegates whose seats were contested the right to vote on which delegations should be seated. The effect of the Langlie proposal would be to unseat Taft delegations from Texas, Georgia and Louisiana on the plea that Taft's forces had gained control of these delegations by corrupt means, and to seat three pro-Eisenhower delegations instead.

The California delegation caucused to get a consensus. It was recognized that, if the Langlie resolution was adopted, seating the pro-Eisenhower delegations from the South, the Taft forces would suffer a serious and perhaps even fatal setback. In that case Warren's last hope of a convention deadlock would vanish. Knowland, stubbornly loyal to his Warren pledge, felt that California should split its vote so as to keep Warren's chances alive.

It was at this crucial juncture that Nixon showed his hand publicly for the first time. Dashing to to the microphone he pleaded the moral issue. Practical politicians including Taft himself were aware that there was no moral issue at all; the question was one of political power and expediency, of a choice between a lesser and a greater evil. Nevertheless, Nixon took the view that, if Knowland refused to yield, both he and Warren would be guilty of cynically splitting the difference on a matter of ethics.

"I feel that any candidate who is nominated for President of the United States," he told the caucus, "would have far greater difficulty in winning in November with those contested Taft delegates than otherwise." In reply to pleas that the convention should accept the majority opinion of the credentials committee, he objected: "If we were to feel that we were bound automatically to accept the decisions of our committees here, there would be no reasons for us to come to the convention at all. We could leave the nomination entirely up to committees."

Nixon's appeal crystallized sentiment; the delegation voted 57 to 8 in favor of casting the state's unit vote for the Fair Play resolution. From that moment the drift toward Eisenhower became a stampede, and Nixon's future was assured.

Until the last transcendent moment of triumph, there is only one other fleeting glimpse of Nixon on the convention stage. Just before General Douglas MacArthur delivered the keynote address, Congressmen Hillings passed along an order to the California delegation: "Don't cheer or applaud the General – in case of a big ovation, he might become a compromise candidate for President. This is orders from headquarters."

Delegates assumed that "headquarters" meant Warren, and most of them obeyed. Among the handful that ignored the instructions were some who lost no time in demanding an explanation. In this way Warren learned of the order issued by Hillings, who was angrily upbraided; Hillings in turn revealed that the orders came from Nixon. The immediate sequel was that Nixon was barred from the inner rooms in Warren headquarters.

Eisenhower was nominated July 11 on the first ballot.

At midafternoon the convention recessed unti 6:30 p.m., and two secret strategy meetings were called to settle the question of the Vice Presidency. A kind of rhythmically-paced pantomime followed.

The first of two caucuses took place July 11 in General Eisenhower's suite at the Blackstone Hotel. Present were the members of the "inner circle" – Governor Dewey, Senator Lodge, Herbert Brownell, Arthur Summerfield, and Senator Carlson. Eisenhower demurred

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when asked to name his preference for the Vice Presidency, but finally gave them a list containing seven names in approximately this order: Nixon, Lodge, Dan Thornton, Langlie, Driscoll, Knowland and Stassen. Senator Taft telephoned to say that he had a commitment to Sen. Everett Dirksen of Illinois and wanted to propose his name. Dewey, who had been the target of a vitriolic attack by Dirksen the previous day, scowled and the subject was dropped.

The second meeting immediately afterward, at which some 30 or 40 weary leaders of the Eisenhower movement showed up, took place across the street at the Conrad Hilton Hotel. These were the men who had carried the burden of the struggle for months. They were bone-tired. As chairman and spokesman of the pre-convention campaign organization, Lodge called the meeting to order. Dewey did not appear, but among those who joined the group were J. Russell Sprague, New York national committeeman; Sen. Sinclair Weeks of Massachusetts; Sen. James H. Duff and Governor John S. Fine of Pennsylvania; Arthur Summerfield, Sherman Adams, Governor John Lodge, Paul Hoffman, Brownell, Barak T. Mattingly of St. Louis, and Roy Roberts, president of the *Kansas City Star*.

The first name proposed was that of Taft himself, together with an assurance that he would accept. There was a silence. Sprague said heavily that he could assure them the Republicans could not carry New York with Taft on the ticket. Another in the group said he had been asked to propose Dirksen's name; the Illinois Senator was vetoed flatly by the Governor of Iowa.

Conversation throughout was desultory. After a silence Nixon's was the third name tossed into the hopper. No one offered objection, and Hoffman, as chief spokesman for the Citizens for Eisenhower Movement, was invited to put his group on record.

"I told them that everything I had heard about Senator Nixon was good," the former ECA chief said later. "I looked on him as one of the Republicans who had an enlightened view on foreign affairs, and I thought that a man of his views should run with General Eisenhower."

Once it became clear that Nixon was generally acceptable, the members of the caucus made it unanimous, cheered their own decision and got back word from General Eisenhower, "That's fine with me."

While the future was being thus decided, Nixon, who had been up most of the previous night, had left the convention hall with Chotiner and Brennan and had gone to a room at the nearby Stockyards Inn for a sandwich and a brief rest. He was dozing, shirtless and unshaven, when the telephone rang at 3:45 p.m. In a pause after he answered, Nixon heard Brownell in thrilling accents on another phone.

"Hello, General," the voice said, "I wanted to tell you that the committee has unanimously agreed on Nixon."

Immediately thereafter Brownell repeated the news to the 39-year-old Senator from California and concluded: "Can you get over right away, Dick? The General would like to see you."

Nixon threw on his rumpled clothes, borrowed a car from the motor pool and picked up a motorcycle escort complete with screaming sirens for the trip to the Blackstone. The meeting with the General was hardly more than a formality. By 5:30 he was back in the convention hall, still needing a shave, but flushed with excitement.

In spare moments Nixon scribbled notes for his acceptance speech in a leather-bound notebook carried in his wallet – notes that he never got to use when the moment came. To preserve the appearance of party harmony in California, Knowland made the nominating speech, and there were seconding speeches by Governor Alfred E. Driscoll of New Jersey and Governor Frank A. Barrett of Wyoming. On a motion by Governor Fine of Pennsylvania, it was Nixon by acclamation, the storybook climax of the American schoolboy's dream.

But in Nixon's debut on the national scene, notwithstanding the elements of high drama, there was one morbid overtone, a factor calculated to serve his immediate ends but fated to haunt his political career long afterward. It was the argument that beat Taft, the hoarse assurance of the convention touts that Taft could not win. This was a whisper that had been circulated for months. It finally took root. The irony of Nixon's position came to be appreciated only in later years when he pre-empted on the national stage the place that Taft vacated, and when his own name took the place of Taft's in the morbid refrain. He himself had told friends early in 1952, "I don't say Taft can't win, but I do say that I'm not sure he can win." As time went on, the stronger Nixon's place in the Republican hierarchy, the oftener was heard the whispered caution: "The question is whether Nixon can win."

NEXT WEEK: *The 1952 Campaign: Communism, a cloth coat, a Cocker Spaniel, "You're my boy"*

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The Guru, the Beatnik and the Good Gray Poet

by Malcolm Cowley

There is a curious period in Whitman's life that I think has never been properly interpreted. It is the period of six years beginning with the first edition of *Leaves of Grass* published in 1855.

Most of the poems in the first edition had been the record or sequel of a mystical experience, one to which Whitman alludes several times in his early notebooks. As a result of the experience he had arrived at something like a system of philosophy, and it bore an astonishing resemblance to certain forms of Hinduism. It included such notions as metempsychosis, *karma*, the distinction between the mere personality and the deeper Self (which he regarded as the only source of true knowledge), and the progress of the Self through an infinite number of incarnations toward a final union with God. All these notions were definitely if somewhat hermetically expressed in the poems of the first edition but especially in the longest and great poem later called "Song of Myself."

It was a truly extraordinary achievement for Whitman to discover the outlines of a whole philosophical system chiefly on the basis of his mystical experience and with little help from books. Apparently he had read none of the Hindu classics when he wrote those early poems. As for the books frequently mentioned as his sources – like Frances Wright's *A Few Days in Athens*, and the Count de Volney's *Ruins*, and *De Rerum Natura*, and the novels of George Sand – there is hardly a hint of them in Whitman's fundamental thinking at the time. There is more than a hint of Emerson's Neoplatonism, but Emerson regarded himself as a teacher, not a prophet, and he had nothing to do with notions like metempsychosis or the universe pictured as a road for traveling souls.

Although he was Emerson's temporary disciple, Whitman must have felt, in 1855, that he had gone far beyond the teacher and was venturing into an unexplored continent of the Self. What does it matter that his sense of discovery was largely based on ignorance of the mystical tradition? It could still encourage him to make real discoveries in style and symbol, and it could arouse a feeling of exhilaration in his readers.

This aspect of "Song of Myself" becomes clearer when the poem is compared with another long work about the mystical experience, T. S. Eliot's *Four Quartets*. The works have more in common than Eliot has realized, but there is a fundamental difference that leads to many others. Eliot could never have made the mistake of thinking that his experience was the first of its kind. He knows the tradition thoroughly and can always dignify his personal memories with quotations or half-quotations from the *Bhagavad-Gita* (which he read long ago in Sanskrit) from John of the Cross, or from *The Cloud of Unknowing* and the anchoret Juliana of Norwich.

Using craftsmanship as well as learning, he has invented a rich structure for *Four Quartets* so that it becomes a magnificent exercise in architectonics. What we miss in the poem may simply be the exhilaration that comes from a sense of discovery. Even in his mystical experience, Eliot cannot forget the lesson of caution he has learned from his studies. He knows that his eternal moment in the rose garden will last for a moment only. He knows that he must go back to his usual state of being, and then –

> Ridiculous the waste sad time
> Stretching before and after.

Disciplined as he is by tradition, Eliot makes few mistakes of any sort; nor does he encourage his disciples to make them, except sometimes the great mistake of shrinking into dryness and pedantry. Whitman, on the other hand, misleads as much as he inspires, and there is no doubt that he has had a fatal influence on some of his disciples. There is also no doubt that he was the first to be misled, and very soon after writing "Song of Myself." At that point his exhilarating pride of discovery began to change into humorless arrogance.

If he had been as familiar with the mystical tradition as Eliot shows himself to be, Whitman would have been warned against the feeling of immense personal power that seems often to follow a mystical experience. We read in a book by Dr. Heinrich Zimmer, *Philosophies of India*, that the adept reaches a point in his spiritual progress at which he becomes identified with the personal creator of the world illusion. "He feels," Dr. Zimmer continues, "that he is at one with the Supreme Lord, partaking of His virtues of omniscience and omnipotence. This, however, is a dangerous phase; for if he is to go on to Brahman, the goal, he must realize that this inflation is only a subtle form of self-delusion. The candidate must conquer it, press beyond it, so that the anonymity of sheer being, consciousness, and bliss may break upon him as the transpersonal essence of his actual Self."

Whitman of course had never heard of this purely anonymous or transpersonal state. Remaining for a long time in the dangerous phase of self-inflation (or "dilation," as he called it) and regarding himself as a God-inspired prophet, he kept looking about for other new doctrines to prophesy. The first of these he found was a rather bumptious American nationalism, which is already suggested in his prose introduction to the first edition of *Leaves of Grass* (written after the poems), but which becomes more explicit in the new poems of the second or 1856 edition. Also in the second edition, he announced himself in a letter to Emerson as the prophet of unashamed sex.

In 1857 he determined to become what he called a "wander speaker" – "the greatest champion America ever could know yet holding no office or emolument whatever – but first in the esteem of men and women." Soon afterward he dreamed of founding a religion, for which *Leaves of Grass* – expanded into 365 chapters (or psalms) one to be read

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on each day of the year – would serve as a holy testament. By 1858 his new poems were preaching the ambiguous doctrine of male comradeship or "adhesiveness," which he said would hold the quarreling States together "stronger than hoops of iron." There is no doubt that Whitman, during those years before the Civil War, was afflicted with megalomania to such an extent that he was losing touch with the realities, or at least the human possibilities, of American life.

At the same time he was making – if judged by the mystical tradition – another blunder against which the Indian sages might have warned him. He had once been careful to distinguish the external self or personality from the deeper Self that he was celebrating in his greatest poem. Now he forgot the distinction and began to celebrate "myself" in the guise of a simple separate person – greater than other persons, no longer standing aloof and unperturbed, but tortured with desires and greedy for praise. This person, however, laid claim to all the liberties and powers that Whitman had once ascribed to the transpersonal Self. Anything that the person felt like saying was the right and inspired thing to say. Composing great poems was a simple matter; all the person had to do was permit Nature – *his* nature – to speak "without check with original energy."

While dreaming his crazy dreams, Whitman continued to live with his family in a little frame workingman's house in Brooklyn where he shared a bed with his idiot brother Eddie. Thoreau on his first visit noted that the bed was unmade and that an unemptied chamberpot stood beneath it. There were other literary men who described their meetings with Whitman in a tone of fascinated horror that suggests the accounts of present-day visitors to North Beach or Venice West. Indeed one cannot help feeling that the Whitman of those days was a predecessor of the beatniks. He had the beard, the untrimmed hair, the negligent slouch. Although his costume was different from theirs – black felt hat worn indoors or out; no jacket or waistcoat; soft white shirt unbuttoned at the neck to reveal a red-flannel undershirt; coarse trousers tucked into the tops of cowhide boots – it was another defiance of convention that might be regarded as the 1860 equivalent of sweatshirt and sandals.

Much of his conduct also resembled that of the Beat Generation. He stayed out of the rat race, he avoided the squares, preferring the company of omnibus drivers and deckhands on the ferries; he was "real gone," he was "far out"; and he was writing poems in what Lawrence Lipton calls "the 'open,' free-swinging style that is prized in Beat Generation literature." "Whitman must have thought he was Kenneth Patchen," Lloyd Frankenberg said of those particular poems. Some of them should be read to loud music as a means of glossing over their faults and holding the listener's attention – not to the music of a jazz combo but perhaps to that of a regimental brass band.

A poet's conduct and his work are two ways of expressing the same habits of thinking. It was during those years just before the Civil War that Whitman first indulged himself in a whole collection of stylistic mannerisms. He had once planned – as we read in an early notebook – to write in what he called "A perfectly transparent plate-glassy style, artless, with no ornaments, or attempts at ornaments, for their own sake." He had planned to use "Common idioms and phrases – Yankeeisms and vulgarisms – cant expressions when very pat only." The effect he wanted to achieve was one of "Clearness, simplicity, no twistified or foggy sentences, at all – the most translucid clearness without variations"; and that was one of the effects he did achieve in the first edition, except in a few gangling passages and a few others where he was being deliberately hermetic.

It was after 1855 that he began to cultivate his bad habits of speech – such, for example, as unnecessary or "poetic" inversions; as foreign words, often used incorrectly and without good reason (there had been almost none of them in "Song of Myself"); as ugly new words of his own coinage; as the "I" placed obtrusively at the end of a phrase ("No dainty dolce affettuoso I"); as the Quaker names for months and days, such as "Fourth-month" for April and "First-day" for Sunday (which might have been excusable if Whitman had been a Quaker); and as, worst of all, the interminable bald inventories that read like the names of parts and organs in an anatomical chart or like the index to a school geography. In the first edition he had broken most of the 19th-Century rules for elegant writing, but now he was violating an older literary convention, that of simply being considerate of one's readers.

Whitman's beatnik period, however, proved to be only a transitory phase of a life that had several other phases. The best record of his attitude during the period is the greatly expanded text of the third or 1860 edition, which is an engaging and impressive book for all its extravagant gestures and which, after the first, is the other vintage edition of his poems. Soon after it was published, the Civil War gave a new direction to Whitman's career. His war poems are disappointing, with two or three splendid exceptions, but his unselfish service in army hospitals helped establish still another personality, one he would keep to the end: that of the good gray poet.

It was during the postwar years that he produced some of his most important work, which was richer in structure though poorer in texture than his early poems. Much of it shows that he was turning back toward the Eastern beliefs expressed in "Song of Myself." Perhaps the return was caused by another mystical experience, but although the supposition seems a likely one, the only evidence to support it consists of scattered passages in two prose works, *Democratic Vistas* (written in the postwar years) and *Specimen Days*. We do know, however, that he planned to make "Passage to India" the title not merely of a long poem about the journey of the soul toward God, but of a whole volume "bridging the way," as he said, "from life to death."

The volume would be designed to stand beside *Leaves of Grass*, which he had come to regard as a finished work. Some of the poems he planned to put into the new book – "Proud Music of the Storm," "Prayer of Columbus" and most of all "Passage to India" itself – are truly admirable in conception and in their complicated symphonic structure. The language, however, is more abstract and a great deal less vivid or Yankee than that of the first edition, besides retaining most of the mannerisms developed in his period of self-inflation. If he did have another mystical experience before writing the poems, it failed to give him

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the miraculously fresh vision of familiar people and objects that had followed his earlier illumination.

Soon the notion of publishing a grand new book as companion volume to *Leaves of Grass* had to be put aside, as a result of the apoplectic stroke that Whitman suffered in January, 1873. He lived nineteen years longer and wrote scores of poems, but most of them were occasional verses bearing a curious resemblance to his newspaper editorials of the 1840's. The only ambitious work he finished after his stroke was "Prayer of Columbus" (1874), which served as a dignified and moving peroration to his career. He retired to Camden, New Jersey, where he lived serenely and received a good many visitors, most of them his devoted followers, so that he presented the picture of an Indian guru surrounded by his disciples.

During his first years in Camden Whitman spent much time revising his early poems, in the hope of reshaping his extremely diversified work into an organic whole. Most of the revisions were designed to make his style more uniform (and sententious), to bring his teaching up to date, or to gloss over the differences between what he had once said and what he now believed. "Do I contradict myself?" Once Whitman had asked the question defiantly, but now it worried him. He still regarded himself as a prophet, and a prophet's duty is to have been always right. But it might have been better for his strictly poetic reputation if he had allowed the early illuminated Whitman to speak for himself, the inflated or beatnik Whitman to speak for himself, and the good gray poet to speak for himself, each in his separate fashion. It is the early Whitman who was the miraculous poet. Only by reading the poems of the first edition in the original text can we recapture the amazement and gratitude that Emerson felt when reading them more than a hundred years ago.

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THEATER

From Paris to Fire Island

Colette's two masterpieces, *Chéri* and *The Last of Chéri*, take place in an atmosphere of glittering demi-mondaine society and cover the period from 1908 to 1919. In these terse and suggestive stories, Léa, a fading high-style cocotte of forty-four, begins a long affair with a beautiful, leisured, vaguely narcissistic nineteen year old named Chéri. Despite the large gap in their ages, they grow deeply in love, but always conscious of an uncomfortable incongruity, they separate several times. Chéri contracts a convenient marriage to a sweet but vacuous young girl; Léa travels and enjoys a few unsuccessful liaisons. After their penultimate parting, six years and World War I intervene. Chéri's wife, tired of his indifference, has taken up with a doctor, and Chéri himself is foundering in a France grown vulgar, practical, and commercial – so he pays one more visit to Léa. To his horror, Chéri discovers that Léa, at 55, has completely surrendered to sexlessness and middle age. Driven outside of his world by the war, the new society, and the fading of his own youth, hopelessly infatuated with a woman he has lost not to death or marriage but to an inexorable natural process, Chéri lives for a while in his memories of the past; when these fail to satisfy, he puts a bullet in his brain.

Chéri
a play adapted by Anita Loos
from two novels of Colette
(Morosco)

The stage version, adapted by Anita Loos, labors to remain faithful to the source in most externals. Miss Loos has tampered with some of the characters and a good deal of the chronology of the original (her play begins in 1911 and ends in 1929), but she has conscientiously transferred the setting and situation of the story, and even the dialogue of the standard English translation, complete with archaic Britticisms. Yet, such is the coarse magic of the

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stage and the questionable ingenuity of Robert Lewis, the director, that a rather different story evolves, one more appropriate to the smooth sophistication of Broadway.

The setting, apparently, is Fire Island. When the curtain opens, a number of mincing men and outrageously vulgar women, costumed in parodic imitation of the Parisian *haut monde*, are cracking risqué jokes about nudity, Lesbianism, illegitimacy, and promiscuity. Into this outlandish company comes a buoyant American girl from the midwest (Kim Stanley) of about thirty, dressed in style and affecting the mannerisms and speech of a grand lady. Soon she spots a European boy (Horst Buchholz) of about twenty-two, doing a restrained but nevertheless recognizable imitation of James Dean. When he curls up in her lap, they begin necking.

This session lasts three years until the girl – discovering with a jealous pang that the boy is about to be married – sends him away. In the second act, five years have passed. We are introduced to the boy's wife, a tight-throated, efficient Vassar girl with a tongue like a hackshaw who, apparently, exhausts the boy so much with her endless nagging that he returns to his former love. But although the boy has inexplicably remained twenty-two, his mistress has begun to sag a little and is now somewhat given to hysteria. The affair ends abruptly when she discovers him looking intently at the wrinkles in her throat.

In the third act, ten more years have passed and it is 1929. The Fire Island bunch are now masquerading as characters in *The Boy Friend;* the boy's wife has grown more metallic than ever. The boy himself, still twenty-two (though he has had some whiting spread through his temples) returns for a last time to his former love, only to discover that she has been metamorphosed into a tweedy Girl Scout leader of enormous corpulence and indeterminate age. Prostrated, I suspect, by the mysteriously widening gap between their ages, he runs out instantly and shoots himself. Curtain, followed by daguerrotyped curtain call tableaus.

Some of these transformations, no doubt, are the fault of the adaptor. Miss Loos, though perfectly equal to reworking a euphoric fairy tale like *Gigi*, seems baffled by the complexities of the *Chéri* books, and substitutes bald moral judgments, simplified motivations, and clear-cut lines of sympathy for Colette's intricate psychological tracings and searching cultural insights. No doubt, some of the changes can also be attributed to the actors. Miss Stanley, for example, turns in a complicated performance which is full of integrity, but whatever is truthful about it is designed for another play. Trained in depth roles, she is miscast here, for she has a tendency to display Léa's nerves rather than her skin, reaching for emotional climaxes when it is a delicate subtlety barely apparent through the surface which is the identifying mark of this self-assured courtesan.

But it is Mr. Lewis' contributions to the story which provide the evening's more painful moments. Aside from the principals, who have been directed in a nervous contemporary manner, Colette's characters have all been converted into naughty French cartoons – eccentric malformations obsessed with Sex and given over to elaborate perversions. The men lisp and flit; the women waddle like penguins, smoke meerschaum pipes, and ape the Madwoman of Chaillot. Like most Broadway directors confronted with a work set in another time and place, Mr. Lewis' instinct is to condescend, and, in consequence, the social atmosphere which the action breathes has all the significance of cotton candy, all the delicacy of dynamite.

Oliver Smith's designs carry the same hidden judgment about the absurdity of this world: Chéri's summer house looks like a gossamer beehive and Léa's boudoir seems to have been constructed solely out of her old negligees. For Mr. Lewis, the period in which this play is set apparently means a time of decay and affectation, and good riddance to it when the flapper age comes in. But if this is true, the play loses all its cultural resonance. Chéri's nostalgia is now based not on a desire to return to a time of glitter, style, and taste but on a monstrous delusion about the past; and the main emphasis shifts to a sordid and sentimental tale of pathological love between a spoiled child and his mother figure. It is this Freudian story, so much more familiar to modern taste, that Mr. Lewis has chosen to direct, even though it is one that Colette purposely chose not to tell.

The phrase "dramatic adaptation" is a nebulous euphemism which future lexicographers of Broadway parlance will, no doubt, fry their brains trying to define. From the current production of *Chéri*, I would hazard that most Broadway adaptations are designed not so much for another medium as for another audience. It is the idea of the audience implicit throughout *Chéri*, rather than anything in the play itself, which gives this adaptation its special chill.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Malcolm Cowley, *the distinguished literary critic, was an editor of this journal for many years.* Patrick D. Hazard *teaches at the Annenberg School of Communications of the University of Pennsylvania.* Robert Brustein *of Columbia University is covering this season's Broadway Shows for* The New Republic.

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ART

The Legendary Berenson

"We must look and look till we live the painting and for a fleeting moment become identified with it. If we do not succeed in loving what through the ages has been loved, it is useless to lie ourselves into believing that we do. A good rough test is whether we feel that it is reconciling us with life. No artifact is a work of art if it does not help to humanize us." In these words we are introduced to the Renaissance Italian painters by Bernard Berenson who died this month at the age of 94. Behind him lay six decades of achievement and a public recognition of his great gifts that went back well before his first publications. His most important publications, four catalogued essays on the Italian Renaissance painters, were completed by the time Berenson was 42, just over 50 years ago. Art history, the development of the American art museum, and the manner in which most people today look at paintings have all been profoundly affected by those books and by the subsequent activities of their author, yet the odds are Berenson died with the feeling he had often described in his more personal writings of the last 20 years, a haunting guilt at not having accomplished more, at having, in effect, wasted his gifts.

Berenson's fame and also some of the more tangible results of his life stem from the middle 30 years, those in which he worked chiefly for Lord Duveen as one of a complicated apparatus which transferred Italian paintings of the Renaissance from Europe to America and eventually from private to public ownership. As an expert, Berenson separated the sheep from the goats, sorted out the immense confusion about Renaissance painting that existed a century ago, took a large part in establishing who painted what, thus giving many painters their artistic identity, even, in some cases, riding his authority so far as to postulate the existence of painters otherwise unknown. In at least one celebrated case – that of Alunno di Domenico – documents subsequently discovered revealed the actual existence and career of Berenson's creation. It was widely thought of Berenson that, in his own words, he has "invented a trick by which one could infallibly tell the authorship of an Italian picture." Berenson felt himself "ranked with fortune-tellers, chiromanticists, astrologers and not even with the self-deluded of these, but rather with the deliberate charlatans." He noted the belief that "if only I could be approached in the right way I could order this or that American millionaire to pay thousands upon thousands and hundreds of thousands for any daub that I was bribed by the seller to attribute to a great master."

His trade as expert Berenson compared to St. Paul's tent-making and Spinoza's lens-polishing: "I too needed a means of livelihood." But the enduring traces of that trade are formidable. Besides the ranks of paintings in the National Gallery and elsewhere, there is *I Tatti*, Berenson's life-long residence outside Florence, which houses his own superb collection and above all his art library. Willed to Harvard, the collection, the library and the location itself will continue to shape our knowledge and appreciation of art.

Berenson's expertness, the "secret method," was simply the application of elementary logic to an intense personal knowledge of a vast body of painting. As such it was a kind of by-product of Berenson's own central interest in Renaissance painting. In practice the question of attribution was never as important for Berenson as the question of quality. In that most celebrated of Renaissance pictures in American collections, the one which exists everywhere and in great numbers, the "Dead Christ Supported by Attributions," the attributions are rarely Berenson's. The final break with Duveen came over a picture now in the National Gallery as a Giorgione which Berenson had finally to put down as an early Titian.

In the painting of his chosen 500 years, Berenson found a high degree of what he called "life-enhancement," a term which, by itself, comes perilously close to tautology in dealing with the greatness of great paintings. To his own satisfaction, Berenson broke the term down into some, at least, of its tributaries, "movement," "space-composition" and above all, "form," his famous "tactile values." All of these ideas have proved of immeasurable help to anyone seriously interested in any painting and especially in Italian painting of the Renaissance. Yet they, too, contained the seeds of developments quite opposed to everything their inventor believed worthy in art.

In the vigorous campaign against the human figure and the human world that has marked the course of 20th Century painting, nothing is more familiar than the appeal to qualities like movement, composition and tactile values as things existing in and for themselves and existing more completely therefore in paintings with no reference to the visible world. Kandinsky composed in space; there is movement in Mondrian; and never were tactile values so given their due as in some of the new American paintings composed of several yards of sand-paper, emery cloth and other abrasives. The defense of a great

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amount of non-representational painting rests solidly on principles established by Berenson, but Berenson was the first to see that such puritanical application of principle ended in denying the very "life-enhancement" for which the principles existed. He wrote that "abstract art" was a contradiction in terms, that Picasso, "the most remarkable draughtsman still alive has taken every advantage of his skill to hide his true gifts," that "no perfection in smearing canvas or paper or wood with faint colors, guaranteed to represent nothing, no skill in buttering surfaces with pigments . . .will replace pictures."

"I happened to be in Berlin three or four years ago after the first world war," he wrote. "An eminent art historian of that humiliated but impenitent German capital insisted on taking me to see a collection of paintings done in the previous few years. To my eye they were daubs imitating Parisian fashions; and their pigment, seemingly not yet dry, suggested syrups and jams of rasberry, strawberry, greengage, plum, blackberry. I looked and a smile began to curl on my lips when my guide with tears in his eyes ejaculated: 'Don't you see how the lacerated bleeding heart of my country is expressed in these masterpieces?' I did not."

Acknowledging the mathematical tendency of certain 20th Century art and testifying gladly that mathematicians seem to derive from their discipline something akin to the aesthetic experience, Berenson said that "unfortunately the highest mathematics is beyond the understanding of those who have not learned its language, a language given to few to master. With little effort, and some training, visual art is communicable and intelligible universally."

For the third of his life before his public career as expert, then, Berenson worked at and succeeded in making available to all the experience of the greatest art we have known. Yet the final third of his life also contained achievements of service to the world. In that period, partly as an enemy alien in Italy, partly as the prisoner of his own reputation, partly as an extraordinarily sensitive intelligence faced with the common facts of age, infirmity and death, Berenson meditated upon those facts and wrote of them in sentences that combine his profession and his humanity, that can introduce anyone who reads them to humane living and dying.

Such a reader can only say of Berenson, he has enhanced our lives.

FRANK GETLEIN

"THEY TELL US: *'The Russians were cordial to Nixon, so we must be cordial to Khrushchev. Q.E.D.' We reply: 'Jack the Ripper was nice to all the women he didn't murder, therefore all the women he didn't murder should be nice to Jack the Ripper. Q.E.D.' Why* shouldn't *tyrants and enslaved people be cordial to a visiting statesman from a free country? And why* should *free men be cordial to visiting tyrants from a slave nation?* Quod licit Jovi non licet bovi. *Q.E.D.*"

From the current issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. Write to Dept. N-8, 150 E. 35 St., New York 16, N. Y., for free copy.

TELEVISION

Out of the Sewer and Into the Sky

Last week, *The New Republic* asked "why television is so bad, so monotonous." There is no doubt that it is, but because it is, any exception to the rule of dullness deserves celebration. And Art Carney is an occasion for celebration.

Back in the salad days, when even the weekly half-hours showed some loving care, Art Carney's role as Everyman Underground – the zany denizen of Manhattan's sewers – was always good for a half hour of uncanned laughter. As lackadaisical loose-jointed second banana to Jackie Gleason, he made even the farcical fat man tolerable. Viewers asked, then went on asking: "Why doesn't Art Carney have his own show."

Well, now he has, and if his first coming-up-for-air – *Small World, Isn't It?* (NBC-TV, Friday, October 2) – sets his standard, then TV entertainment will escape from the sewers of sludgy dullness at least once a month this year. Every minute of the hour-long variety show gave the lie to those who parry every demand for taste and aesthetic excitement on TV as a veiled plea for solemn seriousness. For Carney's first special, sponsored by Delco Remy (even the filmed commercials were good), never pretended to anything more than zest and liveliness; yet in its literate wit, it more nearly approached significant Culture than a whole seasonful of badly and pretentiously mounted classics. For besides being captivating entertainment, perhaps *because* it was, *Small World, Isn't It?* underscored the impoverishment of producers who ransack past culture when they intend to be serious, instead of responding vitally to our present situation – which is what the creators of our cultural heritage were doing in their own time and place. Art Carney opened and closed the show standing beside a globe: He commented on how small our world had become, and how anyplace was now home to those that had sense enough to feel that way. In the final half of this frame, the globe had shrunk so small that Carney could bounce it in his hand. It is a measure of his artistry that it stripped the triteness off the cliché.

Carney and Hans Conried did the first turn – a spoof of the opulent and innocent American abroad who insists on signing for his luncheon check with one of a score of credit cards he carries. Carney has even joined a "Child of the Month" Club which sends you a new picture to put in your wallet each month; it's easier, and much less expensive than raising children yourself. In the course of the skit, we see the energetic tourist using his Kodak to show the folks back home the surfaces of where he's never *really* been, trying to "do" four continents in three days.

Another high point was an international scat session between Carney, Hermione Gingold, Edie Adams, Miyoshi Umeki, and Marie-France. This could turn into a parlor game, in which you have to come up with a song related in theme to the one your partner has sung. (A snatch of "Moon over Miami" leads to "Moon of Manakura" to "Bali Ha'i" *ad infinitum*). We are so used to the Savonarola ponderosity of the Mike Wallace closeups that we forget what a visual miracle a happily singing face can be on the TV screen. Too, in a director's medium like TV, music always

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takes a beating as the director tries to perform on top of the sound with the usual closeups of a pair of pianist's paws and grand (and boring) pans of the full orchestra, section by section. None of that arrogant interposition between sound and senses here; we were mercifully spared the overproduction that plagues most variety shows – just a face gloriously alive.

Ed Murrow's *Small World*, on which his highness has sometimes sounded as if he were presiding at the International Tribunal of Justice in The Hague, got a going over by Carney that finally dissolved in clouds of smoke. Carney superintended a purported conversation (actually three monologues side by side) between Marilyn Monroe in Beverly Hills, Aristotle Onassis aboard the multimillion dollar sailboat he uses to get to his bigger boats, and Elsa Maxwell perfecting triviality on the Riviera. The big question of the day was whether or not Americans were getting enough Culture in their leisure time. Our blonde friend confessed to culture being a gas; Onassis machine-gunned some young swimmers who were scratching the paint on the side of his yacht – in the midst of a monologue on why he loved the arts because they taught men to love each other; and the jewel of the Riviera went right on astonishing us at how much we had underestimated the heights of vulgarity. The sketch had more to say about the ambiguities of pursuing culture in contemporary America than most learned symposia.

There were other good touches: In a mildly amusing take-off on Terence Rattigan, Carney plays the fake colonel to Hermione Gingold's dypsomaniacal female Tommy Manville in "Separate Checks." Carney's military career turned on the one command he gave on D-Day – "DESERT!" The concluding variety moved from Edie Adams' "Around the World in Eighty Drinks" to Hans Conried's wonderfully nimble series of historical improvisations on a felt hat: Napoleon, Nelson, the Washingtons (Martha too).

NBC has put its balanced philosophy of "total programming" on the line this season with over 200 of such specials planned. It is a calculated risk since ABC has already surpassed NBC in audience ratings. The newest network has refused to join CBS and NBC in the dangerous experiment of respecting the intelligence of viewers, preferring to turn its network into a corral. For a while, ABC blamed its low level of programming on the network's youth; but this ploy no longer makes sense because it now claims economic and rating parity with the older networks.

Vance Bourjailly, in a good article on the TV writer in the "Writing in America" issue of *Harper's* (October), blames the American intellectuals and the college-educated for killing the first mature fruits of television drama by their conspicuous inattention. Much the same charge may be justified if those who have demanded a moratorium on TV mediocrity don't cooperate with the responsible networks in their new seriousness. School's, PTA's, women's clubs, college and university English classes could help Art Carney the next time around (Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*, Friday, November 13, staged by Jose Quintero) by publicizing it and patting the network on the back. In fact, NBC this fall is full of programs that may turn out to be something special: Maxwell Anderson's *Winterset* on *Hallmark Hall of Fame*, October 26; Laurence Olivier in Maugham's *The Moon and Sixpence*, October 30; *Fidelio*, November 6. If you miss them all, don't come around griping about nothing but giggles and guns on television.

PATRICK D. HAZARD

Correspondence

The New Republic *welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.*

The Khrushchev Visit

Sirs:

Frank Pierson's review (October 12) of the Khrushchev visit was indeed interesting and well put. However, I would like to call to his attention the fact that in most instances the cameraman is not responsible for the scene his camera portrays. The cameraman is the apparatus of the director, to manipulate as he sees fit. Therefore, if while Khrushchev receives a cigar and gives a watch in return the camera stares dully at a factory exterior, it is not the responsibility of the cameraman but the man who directs those cameras and coordinates them with the audio presentation.

May I further comment that after watching the telecast of Dulles' funeral, I wonder if we are not being rendered incapable of distinguishing reality from fantasy. During the Dulles interment, the CBS narrator sounded for all the world like Sam Snead was about to sink a difficult putt as the camera zoomed on the coffin . . . an unparalleled intrusion into a man's last right. Then, the net switched to an afternoon soap opera which was presented with equal pathos.

While the networks aspire to dignified presentations, they lose little sleep over the fact that a newscaster will introduce a commercial by saying something like this, "We will be back with news on the Middle Eastern crisis after this message from KLEEN-O!" I cannot understand why, in many instances, they subordinate an important world event to their commercial.

Lou Douglas
Buffalo, New York

Salinger and the House of Glass

Sirs:

In spite of what William Wiegand says about J. D. Salinger's story, "Seymour: an introduction," the fact remains that the total effect of a story on the reader is what counts, and I, for one, found "Seymour" to be a crashing bore. May I hasten to add that I am a great admirer of Salinger's earlier work – *The Catcher in the Rye* and his "well-made" short stories, the ones that, according to Mr. Wiegand, put Salinger under a "strain" to contrive. (What writer *isn't* under a strain in trying to put his raw material into some artistic form?) These stories were short, incisive, and eminently readable. But Salinger's departure from form and selectivity in "Seymour" – with its interminable digressions and dull minutiae (must we be told *everything* about Seymour Glass' finesse at stick-ball?) – left me with a feeling of nervous impatience similar to that of being trapped at a bar by a drunk with total recall.

Mr. Wiegand attempts to justify the effusiveness of the story by equating the cataloging of Seymour's characteristics and activities by Salinger to the

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device used by the lyric poet of cataloging his lady's charms. I don't think the analogy holds. Obviously a mere cataloging can be sustained over the distance of a lyric poem, but I doubt if even a Vladmir Nabokov could employ such a device in a prose piece of 20,000 words without instilling an overwhelming ennui in the reader before the story was half finished. It's interesting to note that Thomas Wolfe was practically crucified by the critics for committing the same literary offenses. . . .

Looking at Salinger's work in toto, however, I feel that his artistic problems are connected more with substance than with form. He has apparently decided to depth-probe each member of the House of Glass, and I think that this is bad news for both Salinger the writer and the literate reading public. (I lost interest in the Glass family somewhere in the middle of "Teddy.") No doubt his decision to merely dig deeper into the confined area he has staked out for himself will please a handful of oh-so-precious Salinger cultists, but the common reader, of which I am one, would, I am sure, be much happier if he would use his considerable native gifts to explore a wider world than the one he appears to be obsessed with at present.

Burling Lowrey
Washington, D. C.

Room at the Top?

Sirs:

The recent book review (July 13) of Jacques Barzun's *House of Intellect* and the subsequent exchange of letters (September 7) over it seems to me to be but a manifestation of a dilemma in which a great many American intellectuals find themselves. It is simply this: the American educational and social system makes it possible for a great many lower- and middle-class persons to climb to the ranks of the intellectual élite; but this same system castigates them once they have arrived there. As a result, those who have been able to climb the social and educational ladder because of the democratic and egalitarian atmosphere of the society become grateful to it on the way up; but upon reaching the top and being exposed to the hostility of the masses, they develop quite understandable feelings of bitterness and anger toward their attackers. Their ambivalence results in an unhealthy withdrawal from the society at large and into a private little world in which they can find the support of others like themselves.

The problem is not likely to be solved easily or quickly. If most members of both sides can agree to something like an armed truce, it will be enough for a while. The fact that there is a slight but noticeable tendency for the public at large to side with those arguing for a "harder" school program, the fact that adults now dare speak out against the dictatorship of the adolescent with his mediocrity in music, TV, and the popular arts, suggests that the public does listen to its intellectuals after all.

And this is where Jacques Barzun comes in. America progresses by great jerks of the pendulum. It is necessary to take an extreme position to get any movement at all from this vast, unwieldy society. By delivering a stinging blow, *The House of Intellect* may help the pendulum to move a bit. There is little danger that it will go too far, I think; the conformist and egalitarian forces in our society are much too strong to be overcome by one book. And if, in the final summing-up, it can be shown to have caused the failure of one rock-and-roll singer, the cancelling of one crime-and-violence television program, and the gaining in self-respect of one bright graduate student interested in things other than those assigned him, it will have accomplished its purpose.

Stanley A. Rudin
San Antonio, Texas

The Child Nixon

Sirs:

It is edifying to read in Costello's biography that the child Nixon, "sober, serious, and disciplined," "walked half a mile to school each day." My children (girls) walk half a mile to school, maybe three quarters – and back too. Perhaps in 40 years an electorate no longer capable of moving anywhere except with the aid of some costly wheeled vehicle will be impressed enough with this fact to make one of them the first woman president.

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NEW REPUBLIC
1244 Nineteenth St. N.W., Wash. 6, D.C.

Printed by National Publishing Co., 301 N St., N.W., Washington 2, D. C.

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